

tionless train to the engine. He who would do any good work for Christ must attach himself to Christ. An old Scotchman was at work by the roadside, on his knees, breaking stones. A parish minister more noted for learning than for spirituality halted and said to him, "Ay, Sandy, Sandy, if I could only brak my hearers' hearts, as thou braks these stones." "Gang down to *thy knees*, mon," was the quick, sharp answer of the stone-breaker. It is not scholarship, or eloquence or human persuasions that converts souls; we must have the power from on high, which employs us as God's agents and which flows in through our union with Christ Jesus. The prayer also that is effective must be accompanied with efforts on our own part. We must do our utmost for the answering of our own prayers.

The more essential is denial of self—in all its forms and subtle disguises. A self-indulgent professor of religion has no power. He neither moves God by his empty prayers or his fellow-men by his influence. Casting out the devils that lodge in human hearts, and the evil spirits that invest the church and society is no trifle. You who never wrestle with stubborn greedy self, and as Paul says "give it a black eye"—you who never wrestle in importunate prayers can never accomplish any feats of grace. Loose, world-loving, self-indulgent professors count on a church register: they count nothing on the battle-field, or in the vineyard of labor. No more can a holy, vigorous, soul-winning Christian be made out of such material than a cannon can be made out of a pine log, or a bayonet out of a bulrush.

Heart-union and life-union with the Lord Jesus are the secret of power. "How can I grow?" Cut loose from self, and draw your soul's sap from the Vine; abide in Christ. "How can I move my Sabbath-school class?" Invite Jesus to live in your heart; carry him with you when you meet your scholars. "How can my church be aroused?" Certainly it cannot be done by sending off for some preacher, or "revivalist," and staking your reliance on him. Nor can it be done by inaugurating some "taking" novelty or device. *Send for the Master.* He can exorcise evil spirits and melt stubborn hearts and raise the dead. Are you ready to work for him and with him? Are you willing and is your church willing to break down in penitence that you may be built up in faith and zeal and strength and love of souls, and in Christly living? Are you willing to pay the price of a genuine, quickening, fruitful revival? Then you may have it with all its immeasurable blessings. Set your eyes on the Master! Let your work and your prayers all be concentrated in just this, "Come, Lord Jesus! come quickly." With him will come great blessings! without him nothing!

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The mission of the gospel is not merely to sweeten, but to purify. Christians are called the salt of the earth, not the sugar. To fulfill their mission, they must sometimes be counted bitter and unpleasant. If they were not, their saltiness might be doubted.

### TRIUMPHANT JUSTICE

LAURA SLOTTER

An eminent divine once said that we should never allow a calamity, or even a striking event, to pass by without considering the lesson it may have been designed to teach us. Just now, we as citizens of the great state of California have much cause for rejoicing over the fact that there still is, beyond a doubt, a strong determination upon the part of those in authority to see that "truth be not crushed to earth." For three long years that double murder case had been clouding the minds of our people with doubt and evil forebodings as to whether law or crime held the reins. On January 7 at 10:30 A. M., W. H. T. Durrant with his life paid the long evaded penalty.

He was one of those would-be smart young men who think themselves capable of being wonderfully good and desperately wicked at the same time, but got caught by leaving the door wide open for his own detection. He had even donned the cloak of religion, was an active worker in church and Sunday-school and then *brutally* murdered two of his co-workers: Minnie Williams and Blanche Lamont—lovely young ladies—in the very church where they were wont to worship together.

The evidence, tho circumstantial, was clear and without a defective link, yet he declared himself innocent to the last. Among the notes by the press I clip one from the Los Angeles Times, the leading journal of Southern California which speaks to the point:

The press of the country is having much to say on the Durrant case, renewed attention having been given to it by the closing act in the drama of farce, high comedy and tragedy which for nearly three years plagued the good people of California and the nation. Among others, the New York Mail and Express of January 8, ventures some observations which are so sound and timely that they are deemed worth reprinting. It says:

"If there is any moral in the case of Durrant, the murderer who was executed in California yesterday, it is that justice still has the vitality to enforce its penalties in spite of the law's delay. Durrant was a brutal and heartless wretch, distinguished from other murderers only by his greater cunning and by his ability to enlist the mistaken sympathy of a certain class of emotional sentimentalists who are always ready in every neighborhood to bestow their favoring smiles upon the picturesque outlaws of society. Thro their support, and with the assistance of clever lawyers, whose genius in pleading legal technicalities was worthy of a better cause, Durrant was able to evade the expiation of his crimes for more than two years, but the end came at last, and the felon's death affords the final vindication of law and justice. Any other ending of this remarkable case would have been a mockery."

I have again been convinced that "murder will out" and that if we would successfully

prove our innocence we *must be innocent*. Also of the truthfulness of Bryant's words:

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers.  
But error wounded writhes in pain,  
And dies amid her worshippers."

Let us try to stamp these truths *indelibly* upon the minds of the youth so that they may become strong and able to guard against the wiles of satan who would lure them into the ways of sin and death.

North Ontario, California.

### THE PARENT OF POVERTY

There are in this country 250,000 places where liquor is sold. The average daily receipts of each place, large and small together, are conceded to be \$15 00 on a low estimate. Multiply that by the number of liquor shops running 365 days and we have \$1,368,750,000.

More than half of this is spent by poor men, and most of them day laborers. The Chicago Tribune, lately discussing the causes of poverty, says: "The 'poor men' spend on liquor more than \$600,000,000 a year. All the other classes put together consume about the same sum. This enormous consumption of 'the poor,' so disproportionate on the basis of numbers or of income, is the chief reason why there are so many 'poor men.'"

Then the Tribune goes on to exhort labor leaders that they show working men the true source of much of their poverty, using these words: "There are about seven thousand shops in this city, including the 'blind pigs,' engaged in and supported by selling liquor to the populace, a vast multitude of whom belong to what the demagogues call the 'wage slaves' and 'poor men'—'oppressed by the capitalistic classes' who furnish them work and wages. How in the name of common sense can these people prosper and become independent who devote so much of their earnings to the support of these liquor saloons? Why did not their leaders talk to them on this highly important subject and devote less of their time to abusing their employers and to fomenting strikes, resulting in idleness and loss?"

The saloon is indeed the most prolific source of want known to our times. This is the testimony of T. V. Powderly, Eugene Debs, and many other labor leaders. It is the robber general of the poor.—*American Issue.*

### A HOLY LIFE

A holy life is made up of a number of small things. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not one great heroic of martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little, constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam, "that go softly" in the meek mission of refreshment, not the "waters of the river great and many," rushing down in noisy torrents, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of the flesh, go far to make us at least the negative beauty of a holy life.—*Ex.*